

WITH THE WITTY PARAGRAPHERS

When in doubt, Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner merely changes her mind.—Kansas City Times.

She signed her name "Mrs. C. T. Yerkes," instead of "Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner," on a Chicago hotel register. It is understood she signs her checks the same way.—Washington Post.

A New York minister tells about two dozen girls who smoked seven dozen cigarettes at one sitting. Pretty soon we'll be asking the girls to save the bands for us.—Albany Times Union.

"Auk's eggs," says the New York News, "are quoted at \$1,000 apiece." To make a hen-fruit omelet, you must break an egg. To make an auk-egg omelet might necessitate the breaking of a bank.—Chicago Blade.

Doubtless some of the aldermen would like to be shown some of the by-products of 80-cent gas before they can be convinced that the company wants to cut the price.—Detroit Journal.

A new speed war between three railroads is announced, but the long-hoped-for emulation in reducing the amount of man-killing on the tracks is not yet in sight.—Chicago Herald.

A social woman has been arrested in Ohio for wrecking a train. This forces upon consideration again the fact that the ordinary diversions of society become more and more dangerous.—Troy Budget.

Among the marine notes of a contemporary have been found the words: "A large graft was seen off Nantucket lightship." Jerome, no doubt put to sea at once.—Syracuse Standard.

Secretary Taft says the work on the Panama Canal will go on "after every truthful man and every liar has been heard." Does he mean that after the proven liars have died the new crop is not to be heard.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A verdict of \$4,000 has just been given against an Illinois man in favor of a young woman who says he kissed her against her protest. The price is too high. A protest signifies very little in a case of kissing.—Rochester Advertiser.

In Savannah a Bible Society is going to place a Bible in every room of the hotels of that city. If the books remain it is possible that the hotel keepers may endow the society and place it in charge of the distribution of linen and soap in the rooms.—Troy Budget.

Young John D. Rockefeller likes to tell about Joseph, who cornered the corn crop of Egypt. Incidentally young Mr. Rockefeller is glad that Joseph didn't live long enough to come to this country and go into the oil business.—Schenectady Star.

One of the original "Frodora" sextette has married a very wealthy Irish nobleman. Female members of the smart set who desire titled husbands should understand that the stage is a good place to fish from.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters says he knows of twenty-four young women in New York who drank up thirty-six bottles of champagne at one sitting. He is kind enough not to give their names. If he did those girls would not be invited out again soon.—Syracuse Herald.

The new House of Commons proves to be a bitter failure, from the sartorial point of view. The labor members wear red neckties, and still more shocking, their trousers bag at the knees. The fashionable London tailors are in despair over the degeneracy in the public life of the kingdom.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox schedules as one of the arts of living: "Keep the mind occupied with new thoughts." This is good advice. But the rub is how to get the new thoughts. Even Ella herself has difficulty in finding them.—Utica Gazette.

Already there are news items referring to Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, "who was formerly Miss Alice Roosevelt." It would seem as if Nicky's son has passed her climacteric.—Pittsburg Press.

It is all right to be hospitable to the visiting public building committee from Washington. But let them understand distinctly: We are giving them a \$5,000 banquet, but we expect to get a \$3,000,000 postoffice for it.—Pittsburg Press.

Just think: Cromwell is a lawyer who has more money than he wants and works so hard he has no time to send in his bills. Wonders have not ceased in this world—we need but ask questions to find nobody will buy.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

The tea trust has raised the price of tea at ten cents a hundred in New York just by way of warning the people as to what will be done when hot weather comes. The trust is the whole thing in New York.—Chattanooga News.

"Wealth lessens happiness," according to Mr. Carnegie, but he can't prove it by Uncle Russell Sage.—Chicago Tribune.

The bomb coldtrap is not likely to become fashionable outside of Russia.—Cleveland Leader.

Jerseyman with fourteen living children has just been favored with triplets. Verily, to him that hath shall be given.—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

Bryan is said to have achieved the disregard of Hearst. That man always was lucky in everything but getting votes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Collier's Weekly is spending \$100,000 in the prosecution of Colonel Mann merely to satisfy one of their fads and fancies.—Tacoma News.

"How much?" declares a Western contemporary. "Is now our household proverb." "How much?" sounds like a proverb than a buy-word.—N. Y. Mail.

Secretary Bonaparte wants a bigger navy. Secretary Taft a bigger appropriation and the President probably wants a bigger kick.—Jacksonville Citizen.

Colonel Bubb, U. S. A., is to be made a Brigadier-General. How could a man with such a foolish name ever hope to be a military hero?—Colorado Springs Gazette.

It might be a good scheme for Congress, whenever it passes a law, to pass another law instructing the Supreme Court how to pass upon the law passed.—Los Angeles Times.

Pennsylvania is complaining of a burglar who uses a motor car. But not a word against the coal baron burglar who uses the same thing for pleasure purposes, however, only.—Paducah (Ky.) Democrat.

Presumably, the party that is to make a trip to the South Pole in motor cars will select that type of vehicle which has shown so much ability in climbing telegraph poles.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Dear old Vermont! There she stands! We leave it to other eloquent editors to annihilate the insinuation that large quantities of molasses are being imported into the State.—Boston Transcript.

The German Courts have awarded Madam Schumann-Helk her husband's fortune on the ground that it was earned by her. Here is one presumption, my notary public, upon rights.—Atlanta Constitution.

In contending that trusts and mergers are necessary factors in prosperity, doubtless Senator Foraker is speaking from personal experience, though he does not state the amount.—Detroit Journal.

With his simple tastes and habit John R. Walsh will doubtless be able to spend the rest of his life in a fair degree of comfort if he manages to dredge comfort out of the wreck.—Indianapolis News.

Farmers of McCracken County, Kentucky, are preparing to raise lemons. Better than raising the other thing, and if they can only raise sugar the combination would be complete, with a little skimming round for a drop or two of water.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Judge Charles Mayer has tendered to the state of Virginia a bronze bust of John Smith, "sometime governor of Virginia and admiral of New England." The bust was modeled by General Baden-Powell of the British army, a lineal descendant of John Smith.—Albany Journal.

As the Rochester Herald aptly observes, "The Senate is apparently finding that Banking Superintendent Kilburn shall be investigator as to everything except his relations to the banks. There being nothing else to investigate, Mr. Kilburn is now sleeping well at night."—Albany Argus.

Seth Nation, father of James, the Assistant State Auditor of Kansas, has no fear for the number 13. He was born on April 13, was nominated treasurer of Neosho county on September 13, and was inaugurated on October 13, and has had 13 children.—Denver Republican.

Let us stick to the English language as "one is wrote." It is the most beautiful language in the world, the one that lends itself to every noble emotion, the one that, in spite of Mr. Carnegie, "looks" a very goddess in its complicated spelling. It would be folly to tamper with it, to trample, a possession that so fills the divine sense of proportion. The commercial mind is perhaps incapable of comprehending its noble measures and only lends to the eye seems superfluous, but one does not strip the leaves from the oak because there is too much shade.—Boston Herald.

It is denied that Senator Depew is in a sanitarium. Well, they spell it sanitarium in some localities.

Tennessee has instituted a new procedure in "lynching a man out of a new trial."

It greatly pains and shocks the ear to learn that his police are no better than his government.

The real fun will come, however, when "Andy" Hamilton furnishes a list of the legislators he bought with the "Yellow Dog" fund.

Algebras is a case of United States neutral, with England, France, Russia, Spain and Portugal on one side, and the Kaiser on the other. There's magnificent isolation for you.

SPORTS

TEASING HIS OLD "DAD"

Battling Nelson and His Father Have Good Time Seeing New York.

(By Allen Sangree.)
New York, March 31.—This Battling Nelson is a queer fish. Every now and then he seems nearly human. One of these times is when he takes his father, a hardy Danish mechanic 59 years old, now seeing New York with his world-famous son.

The pair live at the Metropole, and folks at that center—gamblers, actors, race track graduates—shake their heads in a puzzled way as though to say, "Too much for me."

When Nelson, Sr., speaks to his son he addresses him always with the prefix "sir," while Nelson, Jr., shouts: "Hey, dad." He derives unbounded amusement from everything the "old man" says or does. Some amusement is displayed by a loud soprano laugh or rather cackle not unlike the screech of a wagon hauled over a snowy road on a cold morning. People turn in the car or on the street to see what is making the funny noise.

This prominence does not bother Bat in the least. He tried to let everybody in on his vanity show. But even the manager, Nolan, has a hard time appreciating. Verbatim, the entertainment is about as follows, the stage being a Broadway car with the two Nelsons sitting on opposite seats, and friends scattered here and there, passengers gazing at one another, he widened.

When Bat Kicks Dad.
"Hey, dad, how old are you now?" Dad's face is perfectly stolid, while Bat's is all wrinkled, ready to break into laughter.

"Why 59. That's my age."
Nelson, Jr., is perfectly convulsed and invites conductor and passengers to at least smiles as he hears with supreme mirth. It is funny to no one else, but you trail along, hoping for something good. After two blocks Bat again puts the question:

"Hey, dad, hold old are you now?" emphasizing the "now."

The old man in broken English protests that he has not aged perceptibly not got younger in those few seconds. "I be still 59-year-old."

Battling Nelson almost rolls on the floor at this. His eyes close, his large mouth opens wide and he slaps nearby passengers on the back or knee. I might add that this queer chap does not know the meaning of conceit or "swelled head." He does not care whether people know he is champion lightweight of the world, or whether they think him a "Rube." He appears to have little feeling of any sort except to look after dad, and a fierce desire to fight. He practically talks of nothing else at present but the McGovern fight, unless it is "kid" Nelson senior.

Reverting to him, the passengers still waiting for the climax, hear Bat argue with his father, trying to convince him that he is only 57 years old since arriving in New York.

"What were you when you saw the Flatiron building?" he insists. "Fifty-nine."

"How old when you came out of the theater last night and saw all the pretty women in their go-to-meeting dresses?"

Here the old man hesitates a moment, for Bat asks the question in a way to compel a different answer. "Tell them," he orders, waving to the whole car. "Now, honestly, wasn't it only 57?"

"Well, yes," is the guarded reply. "I think it was only 57 then."

"Having won his point, Bat leans back and laughs for a couple of minutes, while the old man, slowly awakening, grins and shakes his fist. This dialogue is gone through frequently, and the battling one enjoys it more each time. He does it to humiliate the old man, who is perfectly at sea in New York and lashed to the mast in astonishment. It is a new proposition to Bat himself, but there is no danger of his buying a good trick. He is wise enough to sell one. You have

Backs Up the Old Man.
A certain Broadway conductor will never know how near he came to taking the count last night, upon charging Nelson, senior, 10 cents for one fare. There were five of us and the bluecoat tackled "dad" first. He responded with a dim, but got no change. The other fares were paid, and "dad" said nothing until, by watching he made sure that five cents was the rate in New York.

"Gwan!" snapped the conductor. "You didn't give me no dime."

Mr. Nelson was at the end of the car, separated from his son by the strap-hangers. Several persons took his part. Finally Bat heard his sire's voice, and quicker than a wink he was recognized. In street costume he did not look dangerous. But the ugly glitter in those little gray eyes must have done the work. There was also a left swing just starting. And so the nickel was returned.

"Something new for Bat to act like that," said Billy Nolan, "but he won't stand for any imposition on the old man. Two more words and that conductor would have woke up to find a sweet faced nurse bending over him. Bat is very good to his father. Every cent made in fighting is passed to dad, who invests it in real estate. "After we get 'bout ten houses," he said, "my boy will take me a trip over Europe. We left Copenhagen, Denmark, just twenty-two years ago. The boy was one year old then. And neither of us have been back. Old that will be a great time, when I see all my relatives and old friends."

Bat on the McGovern Fight.
Nelson takes it greatly to heart that he did not put McGovern out. "I made a mistake in tactics," he explains. "If I had kept away and jabbed he'd been easy to finish in the fourth or fifth round. As it was I was in-fighting, and that gave him a chance to hold me. I did everything I knew to break, even put my head against his breast, trying to break him off. But he was clever in hang-

ing to me. That was his only chance of staying the six."
Nelson says that McGovern has a harder punch than Jimmy Britt, but that neither of them can hurt him. "You might say I didn't feel a blow the other night. I was so sure of beating Terry that I did not even look to see what he weighed. One hundred and thirty-three or 135, it would have made no difference to me. I had heard about his terrible swing, and the first round I kept feeling him out just to see how hard it was. You see I have never been put out in eighty-odd fights, although I have been floored. But I never took the count. Now I know that McGovern couldn't put me in dreamland with his stiffest punch."

Nelson accounts for his cleverness by his ability to beat the other man in starting a blow. He says it is a natural gift, but can be learned. He waits until the opponent gets his swing, jab or jolt under way, then he counters. He likes the other man to do the leading.

Nelson talks, eats and dreams fight. Nothing else interests him. He neither drinks nor smokes, cares little for the theater or social gatherings. He will never be a spendthrift so long as "dad" takes care of the roll, and the indications are that he will be a Jeffries among the light-weights—retire unbeaten.

BALL GAME PLAYED IN MOTHER HUBBARDS.

Tucson, Mar. 31.—Well, the Grays fell short about twenty-five dollars in the effort last Sunday to wipe out an indebtedness, but \$45 being the extent of the receipts. The contesting nines were made up mostly of railroad men, several departments being represented in Mother Hubbards—just for the fun of the thing, and they had all they wanted. Mose Kelly's crew defeated the combine mustered by McKelligan by a score of 11 to 10. Brother McChesney was perfectly safe as a referee with the sisters who did the playing—such as it was. In the main, the eighteen were sure amateurs.

BALL PLAYERS GET MORE THAN HOT AIR.

It is understood that Bisbee will have a paid team this year to be managed by a Mr. Bennett, who conducts a saloon in that city. The Douglas players will play for the love of the game, as they did last year, and it's a two to one shot that they will trim the Don Luis professionals whenever they cross bats with them. A good ball player has to be paid to live in Bisbee.—El Paso Herald.

Players who arrive here from El Paso agree they must be paid to live here but they get more than hot air dished out by a sporting editor in the "Windy" city.

Officials of the New York Life are to return \$150,000 which was contributed to the Republican National committee. If this keeps up, Chairman Cortelyou and Treasurer Bliss will have to admit that they got it. Though they needn't say where, as we know already.

New York's legislature refuses to ask Platt and Depew to resign, their seats in the Senate, probably feeling that it would be of no use anyway.

Next Visits Bisbee, Naco and Douglas in March or April.

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Nature's Rheumatic Remedy cured my wife when all others had failed. Ben Daniels, U. S. Marshal, Tucson, Arizona.	I made two trips to Hot Springs and got no relief but Nature's Blood Remedy has cured me and I most cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers with contagious blood poisoning. Ed Roberts, La Cananea, Mexico.	I was a sufferer with rheumatism for ten years, all failed but Nature's Rheumatic Remedy. I have cast aside my crutches and feeling fine after using three bottles. John Bogan, Treasurer of Pima County, Tucson.
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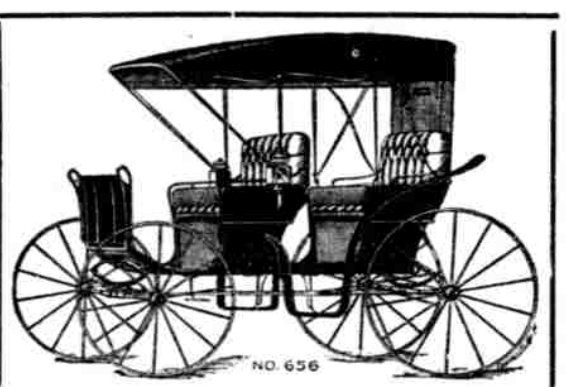
Nature's Blood Remedy cured me of a most severe case of contagious blood poisoning when the Hot Springs and all others failed. L. J. Bardwell, Bisbee.

It worked wonders on me, two bottles of Nature's Rheumatic Remedy cured me when I had suffered for two years. Jack McArdle, Bisbee, Ariz.

I was on crutches and one bottle of Nature's Rheumatic Remedy cured me. T. H. McCarthy, Lowell, Arizona.

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